

*Pist.* And I: If wishes would preuayle with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I high.

*Boy.* As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

*Enter Fluellen.*

*Flu.* Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auant you Cullions.

*Pist.* Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vse lenitie sweet Chuck.

*Nim.* These be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors.

*Exit.*

*Boy.* As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three Swashers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistol*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halpence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloves or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine poecketing vp of Wrongs. I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I must cast it vp.

*Exit.*

*Enter Gower.*

*Gower.* Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with you.

*Flu.* To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the concauties of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'archuetsarie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermynes: by *Cheshu*, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directions.

*Gower.* The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

*Welch.* It is Captaine *Mackmorris*, is it not?

*Gower.* I thinke it be.

*Welch.* By *Cheshu* he is an Ass, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

*Enter Mackmorris, and Captaine Iamy.*

*Gower.* Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine *Iamy*, with him.

*Welch.* Captaine *Iamy* is a marvellous valorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

ledge in th'anchiant Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Cheshu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

*Scot.* I say gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

*Welch.* Godden to your Worship, good Captaine *Iames*.

*Gower.* How now Captaine *Mackmorris*, haue you quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

*Irish.* By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish giue ouer, the Trompet sound the Retreat. By my Hand I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: it ish giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, so Chrish saue me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill done: by my Hand tish ill done.

*Welch.* Captaine *Mackmorris*, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point.

*Scot.* It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion: that fall I mary.

*Irish.* It is no time to discourse, so Chrish saue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Towne is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breach, and we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for vs all: so God saue tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish saue me law.

*Scot.* By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ayle de gud seruite, or Ile ligge it the grund for it: ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I fuerly do, that is the brest and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.

*Welch.* Captaine *Mackmorris*, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

*Irish.* Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Is it a Villaine, and a Bastard, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What ish my Nation? Who talke of my Nation?

*Welch.* Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorris*, peraduenture I shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vse me, looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

*Irish.* I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Chrish saue me, I will cut off your Head.

*Gower.* Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

*Scot.* A, that's a foule fault.

*A Parley.*

*Gower.* The Towne sounds a Parley.

*Welch.* Captaine *Mackmorris*, when there is more better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end.

*Exit.*

*Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.*

*King.* How yet resolues the Gouernour of the Towne? This is the latest Parle we will admit:

*There.*

Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues, Or like to men proude of destruction, Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier, A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best; If I begin the batt'rie once againe, I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew, Till in her ashes she lye buried.

The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp, And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart, In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grassie Your flesh faire Virgins, and your flowing Infants.

What is it then to me, if impious Warre, Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends, Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats, Enlynckt to wast and desolation?

What is't to me, when you your selues are cause, If your pure Maydens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing Violation?

What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse, When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere? We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command Vpon th'enrag'd Souldiers in their spoyle,

As send Precepts to the *Lemathen*, to come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harflew, Take pity of your Towne and of your People,

Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command, Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.

If not: why in a moment looke to see The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand Desire the Locks of your shrill-shrinking Daughters:

Your Fathers taken by the filuer Beards, And their most reuerend Heads dasht to the Walls: Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,

Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd, Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wines of Iewry, At Herods bloody-hunting slaughter-men.

What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd? Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

*Enter Gouernour.*

*Gower.* Our expectation hath this day an end: The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated, Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready, To rayle so great a Siege: Therefore great King, We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy:

Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours, For we no longer are defensible.

*King.* Open your Gates: Come Vnckle *Exeter*, Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine, And fortifie it strongly gainst the French:

Vie mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle. The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.

Tonight in Harflew will we be your Guest, Tomorrow for the March are we adrest.

*Flourish, and enter the Towne.*

*Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.*

*Kath.* Alice, tu as este en Angleterre; & tu bien parlas le Language.

*Alice.* En peu Madame.

*Kath.* Je te prie m'enseigniez, il faut que ie apprend a parler: Comment appelle vous le main en Anglois?

*Alice.* Le main il s'appelle de Hand.

*Kath.* De

*Alice.* El

*Kath.* Le de

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